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THE USE AND ABUSE OF GREAT NAMES.

EVERY one must have noticed the fact, that some of the degraded names among the ancients have been strangely degraded and misapplied by the moderns. Demosthenes, Themistocles, Anaxagoras, and other names of many syllables, have escaped in consequence of their length; but shorter ones have fared badly. In England, in the days when it was fashionable to keep black footmen, and in the United States of America at the present time, the illustrious names of Cæsar, Pompey, Gracchus, Scipio, and Cato, were and are constantly given in derivative dignity to slaves and menials, and as frequently bestowed upon dogs of all breeds and sizes. Nero has been another favourite name, but, being suggestive of ferocity, has been reserved for the exclusive use of the brute creation—most commonly for lions or bull-dogs. Brutus, although the name might provoke a pun, has not been considered good enough even for the brutes, and has been applied in modern parlance to the peculiar cut of a man's hair. Cupid has been the tender name for an ape or a monkey; and Neptune, Hebe, Juno, Juba, and other names of mortals and immortals, have been lavished upon pet dogs, and all the brute favourites of the ladies.

While the moderns have taken these liberties with the names of the ancients, they have not exempted the names of their contemporaries from the same kind of popularity. The hero of Waterloo has given almost as much renown to the fashion of our boots as to the field on which he fought; and his name is nearly as closely identified with them as with the remembrance of his great victory. 'Brougham—a kind of carriage,' may hereafter stand in the dictionaries of our vernacular tongue as long as the name of Brougham the lawyer, philosopher, and statesman, stands in the page of English history; and the name of the husband of our present sovereign may be as well remembered by future ages in connexion with the shape of a military hat and the tie of a cravat, as with the crown of Great Britain.

But while this abuse of names, slight as it is, has been noticed by most people, there is another and greater abuse connected with names which has excited but little attention, and which might be remedied with advantage; or, more properly speaking, there is a use for great names to which they have never yet been sufficiently applied. We allude more particularly to the names of places. In primitive periods of society such names have been singularly appropriate, and often highly poetical, being derived either from the physical conformation or peculiarities of the spot to be designated, or from some remarkable event of its history. It has not been possible in a later stage of civilisation to carry out this principle to its full extent, and names have been necessarily given in a more arbitrary manner. The

reader will remember Wordsworth's poem on the 'Naming of Places,' in which, with much gracefulness and fancy, he has given names to such of the hills and dales of his own neighbourhood as have received none from the shepherds or country people, but are associated with family incidents or recollections of his own life. Upon a similar principle, though with less dignity of result, the builders of most of our new streets seem to choose designations for them. The name of a member of their own or a friend's family generally supplies the readiest hint, and Charles Streets, or John Streets, or Anne Streets, or Catharine Streets, as the case may be, abound all over the country. Failing these, loyalty, often very absurdly manifested amongst us, supplies the next hint, and the names of the sovereign and the royal family are brought into requisition. Thus we see in the neighbourhood of London and of other large cities, Victoria Streets, Victoria Places, and Victoria Terraces, with Albert Rows, Albert Crescents, and Albert Squares innumerable. So little invention and taste are displayed, that the only varieties that seem at all popular are such names as Belvidere, Bellevue, or Prospect Places or Terraces; and these, as far as London and its views are concerned, are generally as inappropriate as names can well be. In the metropolis alone, besides these countless Prospect Places, it has been observed that there are upwards of forty King Streets, with as many Queen Streets, Princes Streets, Duke Streets, Charlotte Streets, and George Streets. The most beautiful portions of Edinburgh are named in this way, chiefly after members of the family of George III. Very frequently, too, some great event of modern history, which has taken a firm hold upon the popular imagination, supplies another hint for names for our thoroughfares. The battle of Waterloo is the most remarkable example that we can think of, and it would be interesting to know to what precise number of streets and buildings, from Waterloo Road and Bridge downwards, it has given the name, not in London alone, but throughout England, Scotland, and Ireland. The linen-drappers' shops in London that are called 'Waterloo Houses,' would of themselves fill a long list. Wellington has been almost as popular a name as Waterloo for this purpose; but, strange to say, considering that we are a naval people, Nelson and Trafalgar have not been favourites to anything like the same extent. We are not sure whether Nelson Square in the Blackfriars Road was named after the hero, or after some obscure individual (the builder or proprietor perhaps) with the same patronymic; but Trafalgar Square, Charing Cross, is the only public place that has been named after his greatest victory. This was done at the especial request of his late majesty William IV., who, with a characteristic love of his own profession, did not think it quite fair to consecrate the military victory to so enormous

an extent, and to leave the great naval one altogether unassociated with any public thoroughfare in the country. Small as our own inventive powers are in this respect, even less are employed in the new towns and cities that rise so rapidly in the United States of America. We must, however, admit that they display considerably more of method and regularity. Thus we hear of long lines of streets crossing each other at right angles, with such names as First North Street, Second North Street, Third North Street, Fourth North Street, and so on to ten or a dozen; while South Streets, East Streets, and West Streets, are numbered in the same manner. They have also in New York, First Street, Second Street, Third Street, and so on up to Thirty-seventh Street; with room enough, extending in the same direction on Manhattan Island, to realise at no very distant day a Thousand-and-oneth Street—to use an expressive Yankeeism. In Philadelphia, they have A Street, B Street, and C Street, and South A Street, South B Street, &c. This, if not poetical or graceful, is at all events convenient, and far better than the eternal John Streets and King Streets of Great Britain.

In this matter, unimportant as it may seem at the first glance, there is surely great room for improvement. We throw out the hint for a better system to all proprietors and projectors of new streets, and more especially to the enterprising and intelligent men under whose auspices the town of Birkenhead is rising so fast into beauty and greatness. They have an opportunity of making it an example to be copied in due time by the whole country, and of raising a series of cheap and enduring monuments to the distinguished men who have conferred honour upon the British race and name either in past or in present times. We would urge them to name their streets upon a more enlightened and philosophic plan than has ever yet been attempted; and by so doing, they will give the crowning grace to a city (for city it will become) which has better arrangements for draining, lighting, and the supply of water, than any old or new town that has yet arisen, and which is constructed in every other respect as a town of the new generation ought to be constructed. Let them by all means make out a list of the most eminent men in art, science, literature, philosophy, or statesmanship, or who have conferred renown upon their country, and benefit on the human race, by their intellectual or moral greatness, and name their streets after them. In the United States of America they have not only squares, terraces, and streets, but whole counties named after their illustrious men—Madison, Jefferson, Clinton, Monroe, Adams, Jackson, Everett, Lafayette, Washington, Franklin, and others of less note to Europeans. In France, too, similar honour is paid to Frenchmen and to Englishmen, of which there is a remarkable instance in the Avenue de Lord Byron at Paris. London has no Shakspeare Street (Edinburgh has a square unworthy of so great a name), neither has it an Isaac Newton Street, a Herschel Street, a Harvey Street, a Jenner Street, a John Locke Street, an Arkwright Street, a Watt Street, a Byron Street, a Napier Street, a Tilloch Street, a Latimer Street, or, unless by accident, a street named after any man whose intellectual achievements were the glory of his age. An exception must be made in favour of Milton Street, which is the name the moderns have very properly given to the new street that has arisen on the site of the ancient Grub Street. The Addison Road, near Holland House, Kensington, may also be called an exception, as having been named after the celebrated essayist of the Spectator. It is true that the name was not given entirely for his literary renown, but partly because, by his marriage with the Countess of Warwick, he was connected with the ancestry of the present proprietors. Still, a good example was set by it, and, as such, it is right that it should be recorded. Birkenhead has now a fine opportunity of being superior to London in this respect, and we shall be most happy if this slight notice of the subject shall lead its

projectors to even a partial adoption of the reformation we have suggested.

One word in conclusion upon the naming of ships. If we look over a list of the British navy, or at the shipping list of any port, we find a similar disregard of all the truly great names of the country. Thunderers, Spitfires, Gorgons, Medusas, Furies, Harpies, Victorias, Defiances, Growlers, Bucentaurs, Dreadnoughts, Terrors, Erebus, Invincibles, Beelzebubs, and other names of equal fierceness, abound in our navy, whilst our commercial marine is mainly composed of Elizabeths, Lucys, James, Kates, Mary Annes, and Carolines, varied occasionally by names of flowers, or by the titles of the local aristocracy of the ports to which they trade. As has been said a thousand times before, with reference to other subjects—'they order these matters better in France.' A glance at the list of the vessels composing the steam navy of our neighbours, supplies us with the names not only of eminent Frenchmen, but of Englishmen, Spaniards, Portuguese, &c. and of the ancients as well as the moderns. Amongst others, we find the Vauban, the Descartes, the Magellan, the Christopher Columbus, the Cuvier, the Colbert, the Newton, the Plato, the Socrates, the Roland, the Gassendi, the Lavoisier, the Coligny, and the Fulton. Trifling as these matters may appear to some, they do not appear so to us. They show the disposition of the people to appreciate intellectual greatness, and to give honour where honour is due: and from such honour to the departed grows the emulation and the glory of the living.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

A TALE OF THE SIOUX INDIANS.

BY PERCY B. ST JOHN.

In the very centre of one of the thickest and heaviest woods of the American continent, where now stands a busy manufacturing town, there was, some twenty years ago, an Indian camp occupied by a small band of the wild and warlike Sioux. They were not more than fifty in number, having visited the spot merely for the purpose of hunting, and laying in a store of provisions for the winter. It chanced, however, that, coming unexpectedly upon certain Assiniboins, who also were out lying in the woods, following the exciting duty of the chase, a quarrel ensued, ending in a bloody contest, in which the Sioux were victorious. With rude tents pitched, without order or method, in an open glade of the forest, with horses tethered around, and little dusky imps fighting with the lean dogs that lay lolling their tongues lazily about, there was yet a picturesque air about the place and its extraneous features, which would have captivated the eye of one in search of nature's sunshiny spots. Deeply embosomed within the autumnal tinted wood, a purling spring that burst from the green slope of a little mound was the feature which had attracted the Indians to the locality. Rank grass had once covered the whole surface of this forest meadow, but this the cattle had closely cropped, leaving a sward that would have rivalled any European lawn in its velvety beauty, and that, falling away before the eye, became inexpressibly soft as it sunk away in the distance.

The setting sun, gilding and crowning the tree tops in wreathed glory, was gradually paling behind the heavy belt of forest that enclosed the Sioux camp, the animals, both plumed and four-footed, that filled the woods, were seeking their accustomed rest, the squaws were busily engaged in preparing for their expected husbands their evening meal, just as a long line of grim and painted warriors issued from the shelter of the trees. A loud cry from the archers that squatted round the periphery of the camp, with a growl of friendly recognition from the ragged dogs, brought the women to the entrance of the camp.

The Indians came in in that silent and solemn man-

ner which they are wont more particularly to assume after the occurrence of important events. To the no little surprise of the squaws, a prisoner accompanied the returning party, and all thoughts were effaced but those in connexion with the promised scene of torture and amusement. It was a young man, faultless in form, with features which in any land would have been remarkable for their intellectuality and engaging expression. His round limbs, and his erect figure, well displayed as he trod unshackled and nearly naked, were the admiration even of his enemies. His eye was keen and piercing, his lips curled in an expression of scorn and defiance, while his inflated nostrils no less marked the inward struggle of his mind, as he scowled fiercely on his captors.

In the centre of the camp was a strong but rudely erected log-house, that served the purpose of a council-chamber, and in this the prisoner, having been so bound as to render escape, unaided, a matter of impossibility, was left, while the warriors dispersed to their wigwams in search of refreshment and repose. A large fire burned in front of the council hall, which gave forth so bright a glare, that any one leaving or entering its precincts could scarcely avoid being seen by those around. Several maidens, too, having no hungry husbands requiring their ministering hands, were congregated in front conversing upon the probable fate of the Assineboin, and even in some measure expressing pity for his expected death, so far had his good looks and youth gone to create sympathy in the hearts of the fair Sioux.

'Let us see if the warrior weeps,' at length said one of the girls with a laugh; 'perhaps he will ask for a petticoat, and become a squaw.'

Curiosity induced the whole bevy to agree, and next moment they were all within the walls of the council-chamber, the warriors smiling grimly in their wigwams at this evidence of the universal feminine failing. A dim and fitful glare from the fire served to reveal the form of the luckless Indian youth seated upon a log, his eye fixed upon vacancy. For a moment curiosity kept the whole party silent, and then, education and habit exerting their influence, the group began to put in practice those arts which might be expected to awaken in the prisoner an exhibition of feeling derogatory to his dignity.

'An Assineboin has no eyes; he is a burrowing mole,' said one tauntingly; 'he creeps about the woods like a serpent, and falls into the trap of the hunters: a beaver is wiser than he. He is very cunning, but he cannot deceive a Sioux: he is very brave, but he is a prisoner, and not a wound shows that he struggled. Go; it is a squaw whom my people have brought in by mistake.'

A general laugh was the reward of the speaker's wit, while the Indian moved neither eye, limb, nor muscle. The girl, irritated, opened upon him with all that volubility of tongue which so strongly characterises their race. It was, however, in vain. The sun in the heavens was not more unmoved—a marble statue would have been life behind him—not a look or sound, not a glance, testified that he even heard what was passing. Wearied at length with their vain efforts, the bevy rushed forth into the open air, and, joining hands, commenced, with loud cries and laughter, a dance round the fire.

A deep and heavy respiration was the only sign the Indian gave of consciousness—his quick and practised senses told him he was not alone.

'Son of the Evening Light,' said a low and gentle voice, addressing him by a name which was well known in her tribe as that of their most dreaded enemy, 'the morning will come, and it will find my brothers thirsting for blood.'

'The veins of Ah-kre-nay are very full,' replied the warrior calmly; 'they can all drink.'

'The Son of the Evening Light is very brave,' said the other hurriedly, and in tones which exhibited strong feeling; 'but life is very sweet. Would he hunt again in the forest?—would his hand once more strike the grizzly bear?'

Suspecting some deep and cunning artifice of his enemies beneath this unmistakable offer of escape on the part of the fair Peritana, the Indian was sternly silent; though the tones which truth assumes are so powerful and expressive, that he felt almost convinced at heart she was sincere. The young maiden probably understood his doubts, and therefore spoke no more, but with quick and ready hands placed a knife before him, and, cutting the bonds, left him free.

'My sister is very kind,' said the young warrior warmly, after giving vent to the guttural ugh! the jocund laugh and the romping of the dancers permitting conversation—'and Ah-kre-nay will remember her in his dreams.' With this the Assineboin turned towards the entrance of the wigwam.

The Sioux girl replied not, but, pointing to the throng without, and then passing her hand significantly round her head, folded her arms, and stood resignedly before the youth.

'Would the Sioux maiden leave her tribe and tread the woods with an Assineboin?' said the warrior curiously.

'Peritana will die if the Assineboin warrior be found to have escaped, and Peritana would rather live in the woods than in the happy hunting-ground.'

The Assineboin now felt sure that his youth, his appearance, or, at all events, his probable fate, had excited the sympathies of his visitor, and gratitude at once created in him a desire to know more of his fair friend.

'Ah-kre-nay will not depart without his sister; her voice is very sweet in his ears, sweeter than the cluck of the wild turkey to the hungry hunter. She is very little; let her hide in the corner of the wigwam.'

'Peritana has a father, tall and straight—an aged hemlock—and two brothers, bounding like the wild deer—Ah-kre-nay will not raise his hand against them?'

'They are safe, when Peritana has folded her white arms round them.'

This point settled, the Indian girl handed the youth his tomahawk and knife, and then obeyed his commands with as much alacrity as if she had been his legal squaw. The warrior then resumed his former position, placing the willow withes which had bound him in such a manner as readily to appear, by the light of the fire, as if they were still holding him firm.

This arrangement had scarcely been made, when a couple of grim warriors appeared in the doorway, after listening to the report of the girls. Peritana, closing her eyes, held her very breath, lest it should betray her presence to her people, and thus render all her bold efforts for him whose fame, beauty, and unfortunate position had won her heart, of no avail. The young warrior, too, sat motionless as a statue, his keen ear listening for the sound of the girl's breath. To his admiration and infinite surprise, her respiration had apparently ceased. The Sioux at this moment entered, and, glaring curiously at their enemy, as if satisfied with the survey they had taken, turned away and moved towards their wigwams. Silence now gradually took the place of the activity and bustle which had previously reigned. A sense of security lulled the Indians to rest. Every one of their enemies, save the prisoner, had perished in the fight, or rather surprise, by which the victors had mastered their unarmed foes. No thought was given to treachery within the camp.

Still, the young Assineboin knew that each moment he might be missed. He therefore listened with deep attention for the slightest sound; and some quarter of an hour having passed, he rose from his half-recumbent posture, and stood perfectly erect in the very centre of the wigwam. Peritana at the same instant stood at his side, coming from without: she had left the wigwam with so noiseless a step, that even the exquisite organs of the Indian had been eluded. Neither spoke, but the girl placed in the warrior's hands a short ride, a powder-horn, and a short pouch, which he clutched with a delight which a sense of the danger of his position alone prevented him from manifesting openly.

Slinging them in their proper places, Ah-kre-nay moved with caution to the door of the wigwam, and next moment was stalking firmly but noiselessly along the camp, followed by Peritana, gazing mournfully at the habitations of her tribe. Suddenly, as they reached the outskirts of the wigwams, and were passing one of the largest and most conspicuous of the whole, a voice from within growled forth a hoarse demand of who was there?

'Peritana,' said the girl, in a voice which was choked with emotion, 'is not well; she seeks the woods, to drive away the bad spirit.'

During this brief colloquy the young brave had stepped within the deep shadow of the tent, his rifle ready cocked. As the girl ceased speaking, the head of an old warrior was protruded from the wigwam door.

'Thy sisters have been asleep since the dance was over,' said the aged Indian; 'why is Peritana awake?'

The girl saw her companion level his rifle—her agitation was intense. Her feelings were deeply moved on both sides.

'Father,' said she, and the rifle was raised instantly, 'Peritana goes to the woods; she will not tarry long. Her head is hot; she cannot sleep now.'

Satisfied with this explanation, the old Sioux retired once more within the tent, leaving the young warrior and his sad companion to reach the forest unmolested. Peritana was deeply moved at parting from her parents, and, but that she knew that death would be her portion on the discovery of her aiding the escape of Ah-kre-nay, would gladly have returned to where, as her father had told her, her sisters slept soundly. The die, however, was cast, and she was now in the woods, the companion of the runaway.

We must pass over a year of time, and take up our narrative at some distance from the spot above described. It was a deep dell on the banks of the upper waters of one of those streams that serve to swell the Ontario. Perhaps a lovelier spot was never discovered by man. At a place where the river made a bend, there rose from its bank, at some distance from the water, a steep but not perpendicular cliff, thickly grown with bushes, and spotted with flowers, while tall trees crowned the crest of the eminence. Of a horse-shoe form, the two ends approached the edge of the stream, leaving, however, to the east a narrow ledge, by which the vale could be approached. The space between the water and the bottom of the cliff was occupied by a sward of velvety smoothness, while beneath the rock was a dark and gloomy natural cavern. The most prominent feature of the scene, however, was of human formation. It was an Indian hut, which doubtless rose in this spot for the purpose of concealment. No better place could have been found within many miles, as the portion of the river which flowed in sight, from its proximity to a fall, was navigable only to the smallest canoe, and was therefore never made use of by travelling parties. The wigwam was of the usual dome-like shape, roofed with skins tastefully and elegantly adjusted, while a mass of creeping and flowering shrubs that entwined themselves around it, showed it to be no erection of a day. It was a model of cleanliness and neatness, while a fireplace at some distance out of doors, within the cavern, showed that, at least during the summer months, the inconvenience of smoke was dispensed with within its walls. The whole was wrapped in deep silence, looking as if utterly abandoned by every trace of humanity.

The sun was at its fullest height, proclaiming mid-day to the tenants of the woods and fields, when a rustling was heard at the entrance of the little dell, and an Indian bounded headlong within its shelter. The wild gleaming of his eye, the fresh wounds which covered his body, the convulsive thick breathing, the fierce clutching of his tomahawk and rifle, showed that he fled for his life, while the sound of many voices below the crag betokened how near his pursuers were to him. Shaking his empty powder-horn with a look of deep grief, the Indian warrior threw aside his rifle, now more useless than a pole of

equal length, and, a fire of energy beaming from his eye, raised his tomahawk. It was, however, but for a moment—his wounds were too severe to allow any hope of a successful struggle, and next moment the brave stood unarmed, leaning against the entrance of his wigwam. On came the pursuers, with an eagerness which hatred and the desire of revenge rendered blind, and, as they leaped headlong down through the narrow gap between the water and the cliff, the wounded Indian felt that, with a firm arm and a good supply of powder and lead, he might have driven back his enemies in confusion.

No sooner did the Sioux behold their former prisoner, Ah-kre-nay, standing with dignified calmness at the door of his own wigwam, than their self-possession at once returned, and the whole party surrounded him in silence, casting, meanwhile, envious but stealthy looks round his romantic retreat. An aged warrior, after a due period of silence, advanced and addressed the captive.

'Ah-kre-nay is very nimble; twelve moons ago he ran like a woman from the Sioux; to-day he ran again, but his feet forsook him.'

'Twelve moons ago,' replied the captive with exultation flashing in his eyes, 'Ah-kre-nay was in the midst of a nest of vultures—fifty warriors surrounded him; but the manitou blinded all their eyes, and the Assineboin cheated their revenge.'

'But Ah-kre-nay was not alone?' said the old warrior, deeply moved at his own question.

'The flower of the hills fled to the woods with him—her tongue was the tongue of a lying Sioux, but her heart was that of a brave Assineboin.'

'Where is my child?' said the old warrior, in vain endeavouring to penetrate the mystery of the hut's contents, and dropping his figurative language under the influence of excitement—'say, Son of the Evening Light, where is my child?'

The warrior gazed curiously at the old man; but folding his arms, made no reply.

The Sioux warrior paused a moment, and then turning to his young men, ordered them to bind the prisoner, and commence that long list of atrocious cruelties which ever precede the death of a victim among the Indians. The hut was scattered to the winds in a moment, and its wood served to commence the pile which was to play the principal part in the scene of torture. Ah-kre-nay looked on in silence, his lip curling scornfully, until the preparations were all made; he then took his place at the post with sullen composure, and prepared to suffer in silence all the horrors meditated by the Sioux. A grim warrior now stood forward with a keen and glittering tomahawk in his hand, which he began waving and flourishing before the eyes of his victim, in the hope of making him show some sign of apprehension. In vain, however, did the old Sioux try every feint; now he would aim a blow at his feet, and as suddenly change to his face; now he would graze his very ear; and at length, enraged at the stoicism of his victim, he raised the gleaming hatchet, as if about to strike in earnest. The smart crack of a rifle was simultaneous with the attempt, and the tormentor's arm fell useless by his side. With habitual fear of the fatal weapon, the Sioux sought cover, and gazing upward, saw on the summit of the cliff Peritana—a babe slung in a cradle at her back—in the act of loading her rifle.

'Father,' cried she somewhat wildly, and pointing out how completely she commanded the pass of the dell, 'in the green days when Peritana walked not alone, you fed and sheltered me; warm was my wigwam, and sweet the venison with which my platter was ever filled. Peritana is very grateful, but'—and she pointed to her child—'Peritana is a mother, and she sees her husband, the father of the Little Wolf, in the hands of his enemies. Her eyes grow dim, and her memory departs. She cannot see her father, but she sees the enemy of her husband; she forgets she was ever a Sioux, and remembers only she is now an Assineboin. If his enemies kill her husband, Peritana will use her rifle as long

as her powder lasts, and then will leap into the water, and join Ah-kre-nay in the happy hunting-ground of his people. But a Sioux warrior will not forget he has a daughter,' continued she more tenderly: 'give her back the father of her child, and Peritana will bring a great warrior into the Sioux camp.'

The Sioux saw at once the force of her proposition. Certain death awaited many, if not the whole band, should they strive to ascend the pass in the face of an infuriated widow; while, should she prevail upon Ah-kre-nay to forget, for her sake, his hereditary antipathies, and join the Sioux band, a mighty advantage would accrue. When free, and acting with perfect freedom, it was probable that the young Assineboin would show but little resistance to this offer. In ten minutes after the appearance of Peritana on the cliff, her husband, who had been an attentive listener, stood fully armed at the mouth of the pass, free. He was just about to commence the ascent, when, determined to win the admiration of the Sioux at once, he turned towards them once more, and, standing in their midst, laid his arm affectionately on the shoulder of the chief, and cried, 'Come, Peritana; Ah-kre-nay is with his friends; let not his squaw be afraid to join him.'

Placing himself and wife thus completely in the power of the Sioux, without any agreement as to treatment, was a tacit reliance on their honour, which won upon them at once, and a loud shout of applause proclaimed that enmity was at an end; and in a few moments more the old Sioux warrior was gazing, with all the pride of a grandfather, upon the offspring of his favourite daughter. A few hours of rest ensued, during which Ah-kre-nay's wounds were bound up, after which the whole party went on their way rejoicing, and the Sioux numbered one great warrior more within their bosom. Thus, by the exertion of remarkable presence of mind, Peritana preserved herself a husband, saved the babe from orphanhood, restored a daughter to her father, and added a brave soldier to the forces of her tribe. Weeping and wailing would have availed her nothing; undaunted courage gave her the victory. The facts of this tale are current still among the wandering Sioux, who often relate to their wives and young men the famous deeds of the lovely Peritana.

SKETCHES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

SEA-WEEDS.

To most minds, the word 'sea-weed' may suggest no idea of importance, and yet few vegetable orders are more interesting either as regards their history or uses. Sea-weeds, or *algæ*, as they are botanically termed, are strictly submerged plants, growing either in fresh or in salt water, but by far more abundantly in the latter medium; hence their common appellation. Compared with perfect land plants, they may be said to be destitute of stems and leaves, their substance consisting of mere leaf-like expansions which assume a thousand forms; being either laminar, tubular, thread-like, globular, or capillary; and these again either branched, continuous for many yards, or jointed. They have no root, in the ordinary sense of that term, but attach themselves indiscriminately to any surface, be it the solid rock, a rounded pebble, a decaying shell, or the bottom of a sailing vessel. Many, indeed, are always met with in a floating state, and seem to grow without being fixed to any object whatever. They do not extract nutriment from the substances to which they are attached, as land plants do from the soil in which they grow, nor do their fronds inspire or expire the gases of the atmosphere, for most of them are sunk beneath its influence. Theirs is altogether a peculiar economy, and yet they grow as varied in kind as the vegetation which clothes the dry land: they appropriate different elements from the waters of the ocean, possess different properties, and propagate their kind by spores, or little embryo plants, which are produced upon or within the

substance of their leaf-like expansions. Let us glance at some of their peculiarities.

Respecting their reproduction, it is evident that the modes of flowering and fruiting which we perceive in land plants would have been wholly inappropriate. Not exposed to sunshine, there was no use of reflecting petals; continually submersed in water, a sheltering calyx would have been superfluous; and seeds, in the ordinary structure of that organ, could not have endured. Nature, however, is never in lack of means to an end; and the vegetation of the ocean is propagated with as unerring certainty and as great rapidity as the most prolific family on land. For this purpose, certain species have their surface studded with blistery expansions, or part of their substance is fitted with little cells, which expansions and cells contain many minute germs floating in mucilaginous matter. As these germs arrive at maturity, the enclosing pustules burst open, and the germs are consigned to the ocean, where they float about, coated with their glutinous mucilage, and are sure to adhere to the first surface upon which they impinge. In a few weeks they spring up into new plants, and in their turn give birth to thousands. Thus we have seen half a dozen different weeds attached to the same oyster-shell, and have seen a pebble of twenty pounds' weight buoyed up by one plant of bladder-wrack, the primary germ of which had glued itself to the surface. Once established, they expand with amazing rapidity. Mr Stephenson, the Scottish engineer, found that a rock, uncovered only at spring-tides, which had been chiselled smooth in November, was thickly clothed on the following May with furoids from two to six feet in length, notwithstanding the winter had been unusually severe. Many species, as the disjointed *algæ*, have a fissiparous reproduction; that is, separate into numerous fragments, each of which, though having a common origin, has an individual life, and is capable in turn of increasing its kind.

Though possessing no floral attractions, the *algæ* are often very beautiful in their forms and colours, as may be seen by studying any preserved collection. They branch, radiate, and interlace like the most delicate network, float in long silken tresses, or spread along the rocky bottom in forms that surpass the most intricate tracery of human invention. Nor are their colours often less attractive; for though the prevailing hue be a sober chocolate, there are patches of the brightest green, yellow, and vermillion, not surpassed by the gaudiest shells that lurk below. It is thus that

'The rainbow hues of the sea-trees' bloom'

is a mere fanciful absurdity, only fit to be classed with the 'coral bowers' and 'sparkling caves' of the versifier; yet the reader has only to pick up a few of the masses drifted by the latest tide, and to float them in pure water, to be convinced that both in form and colour many of the *algæ* would lose nothing by a comparison with the gayest products of the flower garden. As in form, so in size they vary exceedingly; presenting fibres the delicacy of which requires the aid of the microscope to examine, floating leaves to which those of the fan-palm are mere pigmies, or tangling cables extending from three to four hundred feet in length. Captain Cook, in his second voyage, found at Kerguelen land the *Macrocystis pyrifera*, a species of kelp springing from a depth of twenty-five fathoms; and other navigators have since corroborated his statements.

'This plant,' says Darwin, in speaking of Terra del Fuego, 'grows on every rock from low-water mark to a great depth, both on the outer coast and within the channels. I believe that, during the voyages of the Adventure and Beagle, not one rock near the surface was discovered which was not buoyed up by this floating weed. The good service it thus affords to vessels navigating near this stormy land is evident; and it has certainly saved many from being wrecked. I know few things more surprising than to see this plant growing and flourishing amidst those great breakers of the

western ocean, which no mass of rock, let it be ever so hard, can long resist. The stem is round, slimy, and smooth, and seldom has a diameter of so much as an inch. A few taken together are sufficiently strong to support the weight of the large loose stones; and yet some of these stones were so heavy, that when drawn to the surface, they could scarcely be lifted into a boat by one person. I do not suppose the stem of any other plant attains so great a length as 360 feet, as stated by Captain Cook. Captain Fitzroy, moreover, found it growing up from the greater depth of forty-five fathoms. The beds of this sea-weed, even when not of great breadth, make excellent natural floating break-waters. It is quite curious to see, in an exposed harbour, how soon the waves from the open sea, as they travel through the straggling stems, sink in height, and pass into smooth water.

In their distribution, the algae obey laws equally imperative as those which regulate the habitats of land vegetation. The nature of the bottom, the depth, temperature of the water, and the like, are all regulating causes; and we not only find different regions clothed with a peculiar marine vegetation, but the same shore bearing different kinds, according to belts of depth and tidal influence. Thus, the bladder-wrack luxuriates most where alternately exposed and covered by the tide, the dulse on the very confines of the lowest ebb, and the tangle and sea cat-gut in a zone where the lowest ebb never reaches. Again, a sandy or muddy bottom is as barren of vegetation as the drifting sands of the desert, while one of rough and irregular rocks is as luxuriant as the tropical jungle. We know little of the bottom of the ocean over extensive spaces; but this we are warranted in affirming, that sea-weeds flourish most abundantly on rocky patches of moderate depth, that they never spring from sandy or muddy silts, and that they are altogether unknown in the greater depths of the sea. Many of them seem to float about quite unattached, and though these may have been torn from some rocky shore, yet, continually in water, they absorb their proper nutriment, and increase in size almost as much as their fixed congeners. Being less subjected to fluctuations of temperature, the algae are more regular in their growth than land plants; and, with the exception of a few within the tidal influence, the majority seem to experience no cessation of growth or propagation. It must be borne in mind also that the algae are inhabitants of fresh as well as salt water, and that some of the most curious and beautiful genera are found in our streams and pools, or spread in the form of the most delicate slime on stones and gravel. Nay, what is more wonderful still, some, like the *Uva thernalis*, flourish even in hot springs at a temperature not less than 117 degrees of Fahrenheit!

It will naturally be asked, what purposes in the economy of nature are fulfilled by plants so numerous, so luxuriant, and universal? Although it is always dangerous to decide on the designs and intentions of creative wisdom, it must be apparent to every one the least accustomed to observation, that numerous fishes, molluscs, and other creatures, find food and shelter among the tangling sea-weeds of the ocean. Many sea animals are strictly herbivorous, others are so fragile, that they would be perpetually exposed to fatal injuries without the shelter of these submarine groves, while the spawn and young of a thousand species find amid their leaves and branches a safe and fitting nursery. They are useful, moreover, in many districts in protecting the shores from rapid disintegration, by diminishing the grinding power of the waves, just as green turf resists more effectually than bare soil the scour of a swollen river. We have seen it stated by Mr Darwin how much the long tangles of the macrocystis aided in allaying the fierce breakers of the western ocean, and in a proportionate degree, there is no doubt but every sea-weed tends to the same effect. It has also been surmised by chemists, from the quantity of alkaline matters found in the algae, that they probably exercise a purifying in-

fluence on the waters of the ocean, and assist in maintaining that equilibrium which evaporation and the discharge of rivers continually tend to disturb. They are, moreover, as we shall see from the following slightly simplified extracts from Dr Greville's *Alga Britannica*, of no mean importance in human economy.

'*Rhodomenia palmata*, the dulse of the Scots, the dillesk of the Irish, and the saccharine fucus of the Icelanders, is consumed in considerable quantities throughout the maritime countries of the north of Europe, and in the Grecian Archipelago. *Iridaea edulis* is still occasionally used both in Scotland and the south-west of England. Several species of *Porphyra* are stewed, and brought to our tables as a luxury, under the name of Laver; and *Enteromorpha*, a common genus on our shores, is regarded as an esculent by the Sandwich islanders. *Laurentia*, the pepper-dulse, distinguished for its pungency, and the young stalks and fronds of the common tangle, were often eaten in Scotland; and even now, though rarely, the old cry, "buy dulse and tangle," may be heard in the streets of Edinburgh. When stripped of the thin part, the beautiful *Alaria* forms a portion of the simple fare of the poorer classes of Ireland, Scotland, Iceland, Denmark, and the Faroe islands. To go farther from home, we find a large species of tangle peculiar to Australia, furnishing the aborigines with a portion of their instruments, vessels, and food; and on the authority of Bory St Vincent, the *Dureilla* and other tangles constitute an equally important resource to the poor on the west coast of South America. In Asia, several species of *Gelidium* are made use of to render more palatable the hot and biting condiments of the East. Some undetermined species of this genus also furnish the materials of which the edible swallows' nests are composed. It is remarked by Lamarous, that three species of swallow construct edible nests, two of which build at a distance from the sea-coast, and use the sea-weed only as a cement for other matters. The nests of the third are consequently most esteemed, and are sold in China for nearly their weight in gold. And here we cannot pass over our own *Chondrus crispus*, the Irish moss or carageen of the shops, now so frequently used as a culinary article, especially in desserts, or as a light nutritious food for invalids. It is not, however, to mankind alone that the marine algae have furnished luxuries or resources in time of scarcity: several species are greedily sought after by cattle in the north of Europe. The dulse is so great a favourite with sheep and goats, that Bishop Gunner named it *Fucus ovinus*. In some of the Scottish islands, as well as in Norway, horses, cattle, and sheep feed chiefly upon the bladder-wrack during the winter months; and in Gothland it is commonly given to pigs. In medicine, also, we are not indebted to the algae; as, for example, the Corsican moss of the Mediterranean, which was once held in high repute as a vermifuge. The most important medical use, however, derived from sea-weeds, is through the medium of iodine, which may be obtained either from the plants themselves or from kelp. Iodine is known to be a powerful remedy in cases of goitre and other scrofulous diseases; and when not derived from sea-weeds, is procured from the ashes of sponge.

But were the algae not really serviceable either in supplying the wants or administering to the comforts of mankind in any other respect, their character would be redeemed by their usefulness in the arts; and it is highly probable that we shall find ourselves eventually infinitely more indebted to them. One species—the *Gracilaria tenax*—is invaluable to the Chinese as a glue and varnish. Though a small plant, the quantity annually imported at Canton from the provinces of Tokien and Tchekiang is stated by Mr Turner to be about 27,000 pounds. It is sold at Canton for sixpence or eightpence a pound, and is used for the purposes to which we apply glue and gum-arabic. The Chinese employ it chiefly in the manufacture of lanterns, to strengthen or varnish the paper, and sometimes to thicken or give gloss to silks or gauze. They also

employ it as a substitute for glass, smearing with it the interstices of bamboo work, which, when dry, presents lozenge-shaped spaces of transparent gluten. It is in the manufacture of kelp, however, for the use of the glass-maker and soap-boiler, that the algae take their place among the most useful vegetables; and for this purpose the various species of *fuci* or wrack, tangle, sea catgut, and the like, are the most abundant and useful.

Kelp is an impure carbonate of soda, procured from the ashes of sea-weed, the manufacture of which was introduced into the Scottish islands about the beginning of last century. At first the innovation was resisted by the inhabitants; but it soon became a profitable article of export, and has contributed not a little to enrich the proprietors, as well as to benefit the population, who in many instances were almost supported by its means. Latterly, Spanish barilla, obtained from the ashes of the *salsola* kali and other maritime plants, has been found superior to kelp in the formation of glass and soap; and from the removal of duty off salt (muriate of soda), the impure alkali can be procured at such a cheap rate by chemical means, that the demand for kelp has almost ceased. Besides their utility in the manufacture of kelp, sea-weeds are extensively used as manure, and at certain seasons are assiduously collected for that purpose.

Such are the sea-weeds, an order of vegetation at first sight apparently valueless and unimportant. But thus it always is; we know nothing intuitively, and require long ages of observation and experience before we can discover the uses either in creation or in human economy of the most familiar products.

VISIT TO A PRIVATE ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE OF THE HIGHER CLASSES.

WHEN lately in London, we received an invitation to dine at Wykehouse, near Brentford, with Dr and Mrs Costello and their patients. What would the 'Man of Feeling,' who wrote a *sentimental* description of the horrors of Bedlam sixty years ago, with its ferocious maniacs, and more ferocious keepers—its cells, and straw, and chains, and scourges—have said to such an invitation! In one of the richest and most beautiful vicinages of London, about a mile up the hill from Sion House, shaded and dignified by oaks, ancient elms, and blooming horse-chestnuts, and adorned by shrubbery, flower-beds, and general vernal verdure, we found Wykehouse, a seat of the Earl of Jersey, and rented by Dr Costello, as an establishment for the safety and cure of the richer insane. The bell at the gate was answered by a servant, who conducted us to the house through a perfect flush of lilacs, laburnums, rhododendrons, and flowering shrubs of all descriptions; and, as one symptom of the safety of the place, we met a nurse carrying an infant, a child of the doctor's.

As the family had begun dinner, we were introduced at once to the dining-room, in which sat at table the master and mistress of the house, with eight gentlemen, all patients. We were cordially received by our host and his lady, and introduced to the rest of the company, who rose to welcome us. During the meal, we were the objects of much polite attention. Each individual seemed to wish to take his share of the duty of dispensing the hospitalities; offering the condiments, recommending the dish near him, remarking on the topics of the season and the day, and showing much curiosity to hear our news and ascertain our sentiments. During the time we were at table, not a word, look, or gesture occurred which could have raised the slightest suspicion that we were not in the company of the perfectly sane. One of the patients, a clergyman, who performs the religious exercises of the house, including a sermon on Sunday, was asked to return thanks, which he did with becoming reverence, when the eight gentlemen rose and retired from table, leaving us with our host and hostess.

We were in a spacious and elegant dining-room, built

by the celebrated 'Jack Robinson,' who, before Joseph Hume's time, feathered his nest from the consolidated fund to so audacious an extent, that Sheridan called the attention of parliament to his practices; and when challenged to name the delinquent, declined, though he added he could as easily have named him as say 'Jack Robinson.' The dining-room was built for the visits of George III., of whom Robinson was a favourite. He built extensive ranges of bedrooms in barrack fashion for numerous guests of rank, of whom his lavish house was always full; which apartments have been found conveniently convertible to the present purposes of the mansion. Before leaving the table for a walk in the grounds and gardens, we were favoured by our host with a brief exposition of his mode of dealing with his patients, powerfully suggesting the advance which has been made in the treatment of the insane during the last fifty years. The inmates of this establishment are under no personal restraint whatever. There is not a strait-waistcoat, a belt, or pair of hand-mufflers under the roof. Taking advantage of the fact, that there is much more sanity than insanity in the great majority of the insane, and of the improved knowledge now acquired on the nature of insanity itself, the paroxysms of which alone require watching, Dr and Mrs Costello (for the lady does a large and most important part of the duty) direct all their moral energies upon the balance of sanity remaining in the patient's favour, and always with the most satisfactory results. Confidence is reposed; the patient's word of honour is trusted to, and seldom if ever broken. The beautiful grounds and gardens are freely ranged; even the neighbourhood is free to some. An elegant drawing-room, where the lady presides, is open—the place secures decorum. The lady's power is an interesting phenomenon: it seems to be, and really is, greater than her husband's. None but gentlemen can come into her mild and gentle presence; and we were assured that a look from her, still more, a quiet caution, will check a strong man who may for the moment be in danger of forgetting himself. It is remarkable how seldom the hallucinations of the patients come out in the dining-room or drawing-room. These are voted 'parish business,' and a bore; and although one of the party might just have discovered the longitude or the perpetual motion, another received the thanks of parliament for a victory, or a third a judgment in chancery, declaring him master of millions, not a word would be heard on those tempting topics in the drawing-room or at the dinner-table of Wykehouse. A breach of these mild yet rigid laws would be followed by the temporary exclusion of the individual, with the full approbation of the rest. Abuse of liberty is punished by narrowing by degrees its limits, till it is at last circumscribed by the wall of a paved court. No one needs to stay long there; but enlargement has its conditions, perfectly intelligible to every patient in the establishment.

When we walked out, we saw some of the gentlemen playing with the child, others reading in the beautiful groves, and three or four assisting Mrs Costello to cull and pack an enormous bouquet of lilacs and hawthorn blossom for a jar in the drawing-room. We joined the party, and assisted, and were much struck with the gallantry, politeness, and respect with which the lady was treated. This direction of female influence is a new element in its various applications in society. It reforms the imprisoned criminal; it purifies and humanises the educators of the young of the rougher sex; it exercises a power over the insane themselves that renders them as pliant as children. Yet Mrs Costello is a slight, little woman, whom any one of the subjects over whom she rules could annihilate in an instant. Indeed, we should say that the insane are peculiarly amenable to just such an influence; for their malady in most cases produces a simplicity of general character, often almost child-like.

We assembled at tea in the drawing-room, and enjoyed an hour of general conversation, when the party

again dispersed through the grounds; and as we drove off in the twilight of a beautiful June evening, we had hands held out to us by the near, and hats lifted by the distant, till the gate shut behind us, and we were on our road to London. On our way, Dr Costello, who accompanied us, showed us a villa or cottage a mile or two from Wykehouse, which, on account of its romantic groves and large lake teeming with fish, he has taken on lease, as a sort of occasional holiday and picnic resort for his well-behaved patients.

Dr Costello had just then published a letter to Lord Ashley, on the reform of private asylums for the insane. A copy of that pamphlet is now before us. It is an appeal in behalf of the *rich* insane for legislative protection. The bill lately introduced by Lord Ashley contemplates chiefly the insane poor; not observing the fallacy, that, because the same rich are well able to take care of themselves, the insane rich must be so too. There is, unfortunately, a prejudice which leads the friends of the insane to seek extreme privacy for them, and thus they become exposed not merely to inadequate accommodation and treatment, but all the imaginable evils attending their becoming objects of speculation. Dr Costello exposes the deficiencies of the generality of private houses for the insane, and recommends the ample and interesting scenery which is found in his own establishment. Private asylums should never be in cities; they should be in cheerful rural situations, where the inmates may avail themselves of the composing and health-restoring effects of husbandry and gardening. Within doors, the patient should find no deprivation of his accustomed conveniences, comforts, luxuries, and even elegances; but rather an improvement in them all. While deprecating the idea of surrounding the patient of condition with unnecessary deprivations in externals, the author says—'While delirium runs high, it is true, external objects will be too little noticed to suggest unfavourable comparisons; but this stage is often evanescent, often only periodical, and the bitter pang is felt in full force when the mist begins to clear away. The poor derive benefit from the better food and better care of the public asylum, and can we doubt the influence of causes relatively the same in regard to the rich? The internal arrangements, therefore, of a private asylum, should be in accordance with the tastes and occupations of the inmates; and the tedium of uniformity must be prevented by such aids as are employed for the same purpose in every-day life. Billiards, books, and music, are not enough. There must be social re-unions, and even dancing, with a view to affording opportunities of mixing in the society of persons of sound mind. This is a point in the moral treatment of great importance. To have the world and its recreations brought, from time to time, into contact with the insane, is less valuable even as an amusement or a pastime, than as a means of satisfying them, especially when allowed to meet their friends or relatives, not only that they are not forgotten, but that their return to that world, its business and its duties, is still looked for with anxiety and delight. How much of happiness, how much of sanity, do they secure by this oft-presented idea!

'If one could forget early impressions, and instances of proved delinquency in some ill-conducted establishments, we should modify our feelings in a great degree as regards private asylums. Proofs of the most interesting description abound, to show that these are anything but places to inspire horror.

'When well-conducted, and there are many such, mirth and cheerfulness—not forced or feigned—appear to be pervading influences. Lasting friendships are often formed; and many whom restored mental health recalls to the world, experience lively and sincere regrets in parting with those whose care or companionship had soled them under so heavy a dispensation; and many, too, would remain, preferring to any other abode that which friends had consigned them to in the hour of affliction.

'The family group in an asylum is, or ought to be,

associated in conversation, light reading, and all the diversified occupations that embellish refined society, with no other restraint than what individual circumstances may require, and the enlightened kindness of the head of the house may dictate.

'In this ideal of an establishment, the patients are the guests and associates of the physician and his family, and without such directorship and association, it cannot be realised. In his own person are combined the characters of parent, friend, guide, and physician, and this amounts to saying that he is indispensable. To him is assigned the task of moderating the impressions from without—of regulating, through the medium of his own family, the desirable degree of intercourse with the world; his table and his family circle are the sole, safe channels for such intercourse. Here the first public efforts of a returning healthy mental activity meets its needed encouragements, and here, too, the poor sufferer, doomed never to know the delights of recovery, experiences protection, and even pleasure, to the full measure of his blighted faculties. Advantages so obviously desirable are placed completely, and perhaps voluntarily, out of the reach of patients kept at home or in private families, and the case is even worse where they are confided to keepers or servants, with the occasional attendance of a medical man. Under such circumstances, cure is not only likely to be marred, but it may be wilfully and maliciously prevented. The continued employment of these attendants depends on the continuation of the malady; the resources available for moral treatment from uninterrupted intercourse with persons of their own station, are wasted, from their inferiority of social position, want of education, or irritability of disposition, which, in the circumstances we are contemplating, is uncontrolled, and therefore the more likely to arise. Fretfulness and bickering, as permanent conditions of the patient's mind, induced by the small excesses of an unreasoning domestic authority, which he is ever ready to dispute, either in fear or in anger, can have none other than unfavourable consequences. He distrusts and dreads his attendant, and the latter, goaded by what he considers injustice and ingratitude in the patient, gives way to peevishness, and, by way of beguiling the monotony of the occupation, repays him with sour looks, coarse and contemptuous language, neglect, or something worse. The effect of treatment in which caprice and recrimination, waywardness and spite, hold such unhappy sway, may be easily foreseen. The patient has none of the repose so essential to comfort, and indispensable for recovery. His views of things, already prismatic by a disordered brain, are still more bewildered by the false position in which he is placed, and the unfavourable circumstances by which he is surrounded. The time when cure was possible passes quickly away; the excitement subsides into a calm; the disease changes its character; the acute is followed by the chronic stage, and the brightness of the mind is dimmed for ever.'

The author states the argument for the *early* treatment of insanity as concisely as powerfully:—'The protection of the brain from the effects of the high irritation and congestion that prevail in the acute stage of mania, can only be secured by vigorous and prompt medical treatment at the very outset. The penalty of neglect or delay on this point, when not promptly fatal, will be to reduce the brain, the organ of the mind, to a ruin, which no effort of skill or kindness can repair. The proper use, therefore, of the time for medical treatment is all-important. The period for the moral treatment begins only when the first violence of the storm has spent itself. The best authorities on the statistics of this form of cerebral disease assert that it is curable, in the vast majority of cases, when the proper means are employed at the proper time.

'But where shall we look for such a well-organised system of moral management for the rich and the elevated, as will meet the wants and habits of this class? This is, in fact, the grand desideratum, the difficulty to be pro-

vided for. Where are we to find the ever-watchful kindness—the considerate forbearance in the discharge of duties often irksome, harassing, and even dangerous—the ready inventiveness to suggest new thoughts to cheer and amuse? We shall look for them in vain in the crippled resources for such objects, in the private lodging or the private family, where the rich man is doomed to solitary confinement in a modified form, and in the dreariness of his isolation, to expiate an infirmity as if it had been a crime. This is a blotch on our civilisation from which our continental neighbours are in progress of being freed. With us, alas! it will continue to prevail until the apathy, ignorance, and selfish pride that so extensively provide such a doom for fellow-creatures, who might still enjoy the benefit of superior arrangements, shall have disappeared, and given place to sounder views and feelings on this subject.*

The author advances a new idea, the *voluntary* resort of the 'nervous'—those (and they are many) who dread the coming disease—to the cure and treatment of a private asylum. This the law, as it stands, renders impossible; for it requires the certificate of two medical men that the patient is of unsound mind. This might be altered. To prevent abuse, the free and voluntary resort might have its own conditions, and such patients might be made subject to the inquiries and inspection of visiting commissioners, in the same manner as the others. But these benefits, important as they are, would not be the sole ones resulting from a change of the law. The very character of the asylum would be changed. From a prison, which it is now so universally regarded, it would become an hospital, and those prejudices which now operate so extensively against the recovery of persons attacked with insanity, would disappear. Every enlightened physician acknowledges and laments the extent of this evil. Persons so attacked, and for whom recovery might be calculated on, almost with certainty, had they been promptly transferred to such a place, are from a notion that kindness and attention will be all that is required, restrained from sending their relatives from home. This mistaken kindness is fatal. In the experiment of love and duty, the time is consumed between alternating hopes and fears; and when the asylum is resorted to at last, it receives a poor fellow-creature, for whom, at the beginning, cure was possible, but who is henceforward an irreparable wreck, doomed to live on, exhibiting the gradual extinction of the noblest faculties. It is with the brain as with the other organs of the body; the congestion or irritation that can be moderated and subdued at first, if allowed to persist and make progress unchecked, will at last produce such morbid changes in the organ itself, that it becomes incurably incapable of performing healthy functions. And why, then, make an exception as regards the affections of the brain, which experience and common sense condemn in regard to other organs? In pneumonia or bronchitis, who would be absurd enough to confine the treatment to kindness, quiet, and water-gruel? And shall our conduct be less wise or less energetic in the case of the brain than in that of the lungs, involving, as the perversion of the cerebral action does, a double death? It is quite time that the views and practice of society should be changed on this point; it is one of startling urgency and importance, now that a closer view of this awful scourge (rendered so much more destructive by unreflecting kindness) and its statistical bearings, have all but proved that out of every 500 of the population, we have one case of insanity. The pernicious practice that inflicts so much evil on the community, calls aloud for animadversion: it scatters desolation and mourning amongst families—blasting happiness and hope: it cannot be palliated—it must be abandoned.

After some judicious observations on the importance of numbers and classification in the arrangements for the care of the insane, the letter concludes as follows:—
"None of our private asylums come up, in all respects, to the ideal we have been tracing. "I am not acquainted,"

says the late Sir William Ellis, "with any asylum at all coming up to my notions of what an asylum for the rich ought to be; but I still think that it is perfectly practicable to provide for them in an institution possessing every means for cure, and every requisite for their comfort and happiness, combined with but little risk of their being improperly detained."

But it will perhaps be said that a comprehensive plan, embracing the means of treatment and liberal accommodation for the rich, will be above the reach of the well-educated middle classes. It should not be so. The question of accommodation should decide that of the terms of payment. A patient requiring several rooms, special attendance, and a separate table, should contribute to the funds of the establishment a larger sum in proportion than those who are contented with the accommodation provided for all. This is, in fact, the principle on which a family hotel, as well as many other forms of public enterprise, are carried on. Upon a graduation of this kind, in the working of which there is no practical difficulty, persons paying from L.60 or L.70 a-year, to L.200 and L.300, might be provided for on a scale of comfort totally unknown either in private lodgings or in our private asylums, as they are at present conducted.

The superior administration of such an establishment should be aided by a committee of philanthropic persons, whose duty it should be to see that every improved method of treatment recommended by experience should be adopted. There should be no private arrangements for the treatment of lunatics, and no private asylums in the present sense of the word.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF DR ZSCHOKKE.

FIRST ARTICLE—YOUTHFUL DAYS.

A FEW snatches which have been published in this Journal from time to time, together with an abridgment of the diary of a poor Wiltshire vicar, issued in our 'Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Tracts,' have rendered the name of Zschokke not unfamiliar to our readers. No one who has fallen in with any of his writings, but must desire to know something of the man; and fortunately, the spirited proprietors of the Foreign Library place means at our disposal to present an outline of the life of one of the most interesting characters of the present age.*

A variety of circumstances renders this, with scarcely any exception, one of the best autobiographies ever published. The author kept a diary regularly from twelve years of age, noting down events at the time they occurred to him with all the vigorous earnestness of youth. The work was not, however, prepared for the press until he had reached the advanced age of seventy. Thus the exuberance of immature enthusiasm is toned down by the sober experience of age. From a neglected orphan, Zschokke had meanwhile been a teacher, lecturer, dramatist, poet, historian, traveller, diplomatist, stadtholder, newspaper editor, popular instructor, and, added to all these characters, always a reformer and philosopher.

Heinrich Zschokke was born in the year 1770 at Magdeburg, in Lower Saxony. His father—a cloth-maker and *oberälteste*, or deacon of his guild—was his only guardian, for his mother died seven weeks after his birth. 'I, his youngest child,' says the writer, 'became, like most Benjamins, the darling of my father's heart; whilst the young favourite looked up to his father as 'the chief and king of his childish world.' The rule he was subjected to was extremely indulgent, and the young adventurer soon made himself an adept in all manner of gymnastic exercises and boyish games, before he acquired any useful accomplishments. At the age of nine, however, his play-days were interrupted

* Autobiography of Heinrich Zschokke, forming the 254 part of the Foreign Library. London: Chapman and Hall.

by the death of his father, and he was intrusted to the care of an elder brother. This new protector tried to turn the young harum-scarum into a gentleman. Tailor and hairdresser were set to work upon him; but the fine clothes and his brother's regulations deprived him of his ragged street companions and their rough pastimes; and being much confined at home, he took a great dislike to the well-polished floors and gilded panels of his fine brother's fine house. When sent to school, the wayward pupil neglected accidence and grammar for the more fascinating study of the Arabian Nights and the Adventures of Robinson Crusoe. The latter took such a firm hold on his imagination, that he resolutely determined to shipwreck himself some day on a beautiful desert island, but to prepare himself better beforehand than did the unfortunate Robinson Crusoe.

Such was young Zschokke's waywardness, that his friends considered him a wrong-headed fellow, who would never come to any good; as an untaught, idle, untidy little vagabond, given to laughing and crying at improper times and places; now credulous even to silliness, now mistrustful to his own detriment; sometimes obstinate, sometimes foolishly docile. Beneath all these failings, however, there ran a copious stream of repressed affection. He was coldly and carelessly treated, thrust about from one member of his family to another as a useless incumbrance, and forced into a kind of antagonism with them, or thrown back upon his own impulses. 'I was obliged to accustom myself to my solitary condition, and to seek my best enjoyment in the delusions of imagination. Thus forsaken by all, I first began clearly to understand that I was an orphan, supported indeed by the interest of my paternal inheritance, but the most useless and superfluous being upon earth. This estranged mankind from me, and me from mankind: I was alone in the world. The consciousness of my separation from others only increased and embittered my intense longing for sympathy and affection. Without jealousy, yet not without a certain secret bitterness of feeling, have I often stood by when one of my companions enjoyed the praises and smiles of a father, or the embraces and kisses of a mother. Me no one pressed to his bosom; my tears were dried by no loving hand; and every reproach, which to other children is sweetened by the consciousness of their parents' affection, fell upon me with unmingled bitterness. Now first the death of my father became to me a quite infinite loss. I eagerly endeavoured to recall to my memory his slightest actions, his most insignificant words and looks. I longed to die, and be with him once more. Often I left my bed at night, and lay weeping on my knees, imploring my father to appear to me at least once again. Then I waited with breathless awe, and gazed around to see his spirit; and when no spirit came, I returned sobbing inconsolably to my bed, while I murmured reproachfully, "Thou, too, best darling father, dost not care about me any longer!"'

No one can peruse the account given of the sorrows of orphanhood without being affected by it, and at the same time acknowledging it to be a faithful record of the sorrows of an abused and parentless child.

Amidst all his eccentricities, he possessed an unusual aptitude for learning, as the way in which he acquired the rudiments of Latin will show. At a school to which he was sent, the only pupil who studied that language was the pedagogue's favourite. 'Whenever there was anything to be seen in the streets—rope-dancers, soldiers, puppet-shows, dancing bears or monkeys—this favourite alone was invariably allowed to leave the school-room, on asking permission in Latin. I, who had not yet got beyond the catechism, could not resist this powerful attraction, and resolved to become master of the magic spell. Its little possessor in vain represented to me the length and difficulty of the way, through an endless wilderness of declensions, adjectives, pronouns, and conjugations. Undaunted, I traversed the hard and thorny path from *Mensa to Audio*, and, at the first opportunity, not without fear and trembling,

I stammered out my conjuring formula. The school-master, amazed at my sudden learning, examined me incredulously in various ways; at length, satisfied of my acquisition, he praised my perseverance, prophesying that something might be made of me, and formally declared me his second *Latineer*, with all rights and privileges thereunto appertaining.'

Like the greater number of youths of his temperament, Zschokke was passionately fond of reading, and of acquiring knowledge; but as he chose to arrive at it by more erratic paths than are beaten out for the schools, he went to live with an old rector, who was, moreover, a hack-author. This prolific writer gave him, besides plenty of employment in transcribing and translating, unrestrained access to his large and varied library. Into the sweets of this treasure Zschokke dipped during several years, till, at the age of seventeen, he panted to 'see the world.' But where to go? He conned over a map to fix his choice; and after a little consideration, determined to choose Schwerin, in Mecklenburg, for no other reason than because a former schoolfellow had settled there as a court-actor. He suddenly conceived a passion for the stage, packed up his little property, and without more ado set off. It was on a cold, foggy, but snowless morning, the 22d of January 1788, that the young adventurer gaily approached the frontiers of the old Obotritenland, and with a light free heart, like a bird escaped from its cage, followed the impulses of youthful activity, and wandered freely over hill and dale. His native city, with its heavy girdle of walls and moats, and its towering spires and gables, grew smaller and smaller, and vanished in gray mist far behind him. Unknown landscapes, unknown villages, trees, and cottages, all silvered over with morning rime, rose one after another out of the misty air before him. He sang, he danced, he shouted with joy; he longed to embrace every peasant that he met. Voices of sweet prophecy made the air ring wildly around him. He was not superstitious; but there are times when wiser men than he have dreamt of intercourse with future events and unseen powers.

'The pleasantest of my omens,' says he, 'occurred on the second day of my Hegira. As night drew on, I stopped at an inn in the village of Grabow. As I entered the parlour, darkened by the evening twilight, I was suddenly wrapt in an unexpected embrace, and pressed to a warm female heart; while, amid showers of kisses and tears, I heard these words—"Oh, my child, my dear child!" Although I knew, of course, that this greeting was not for me, yet the motherly embrace seemed to me the herald of better days, the beautiful welcome to a newer, warmer world. Let my reader put himself in my place, and imagine the feelings of a poor young orphan, who had never been folded to one loving heart since his father's death, and to whom, for ten long melancholy years, caresses and tender words had been utterly unknown! A sweet trembling passed over me, as I felt myself folded in that warm embrace. The illusion vanished when lighted candles were brought into the room. The modest hostess started from me in some consternation; then, looking at me with smiling embarrassment, she told me that my age and height exactly corresponded to those of her son, whom she expected home that night from a distant school. As her son did not arrive that night, she tended and served me with a loving cordiality, as if to make amends to herself for the disappointment of her son's absence. The dainties which she had prepared for him with her own hands she now bestowed upon me, and my healthy boyish appetite did ample justice to their merits. Nor did her kindness end here. She packed up a supply of dainty provisions for me the next day, procured me a place in a diligence to Schwerin, wrapt me up carefully against frost and rain, and dismissed me with tender admonitions and motherly farewells. She refused to impoverish my scanty purse by taking any payment for my night's lodging, but she did not refuse a grateful kiss, which at parting I pressed upon her cheek. Yet all this kindness

was bestowed not on me, but on the image of her absent son. Such is a mother's heart!

His friend at Schwerin received him coldly, and laughed at his projects; but a third person who was present at the interview followed him out of the house as he left it disappointed and hopeless, and did him the kindness to introduce him to a printer, partly as tutor, and partly as literary assistant. With this person he was extremely happy; but the restless spirit of change, after a time, overcame him.

Zschokke left all his happiness at Schwerin, to carry out his still existing dramatic predilections; for, becoming acquainted with the manager of a theatre—a decayed nobleman—he joined his corps, which was bound for Prenzlau, on the Uckermark. Here his duties were sufficiently varied. He 'curtailed the trains of heroic tragedies; altered old-fashioned comedies to suit modern taste; mutilated and patched all sorts of pieces to suit the wants of the company; wrote, on my own account, a few *raw-head and bloody-bone* pieces; rhymed prologues and epilogues, and corresponded with the most worshipful magistrates and grandees of various small towns, exhorting them to ennoble the taste of their respective small public, by liberal encouragement of our legitimate drama.' When tired of the vagrant life and miscellaneous employments of a dramatic author, Zschokke determined to enter a university, for which he had never ceased to qualify himself. That which he chose was at Frankfort-on-the-Oder. He wrote home for some of his patrimonial funds, much to the surprise of his guardians at Magdeburg, who had heard nothing of him for ten years, and it was supposed that he had perished somehow or other during his vagabondising. The requisite cash was, however, remitted. The biographer's description of his matriculation is highly characteristic. 'As the "Rector Magnificus" of the high-school at Frankfort, the venerable Professor Hansen, was about to inscribe my name in the list of academical citizens, he asked, "What do you wish to study?" I could not tell, and replied, "Allow me to keep for a while my freedom of choice among the nine muses." He looked at me in amazement, and said, "You must belong to one of the faculties, and can take only one of the nine sisters for your lawful spouse. That does not hinder you from flirting a little with each as you go by." I stood irresolute for a few moments; for I only desired to gather together at this public market-place of the sciences a miscellaneous treasure of learning, for use or ornament, and still more to rid myself, once for all, of my religious doubts. I at length threw the handkerchief to theology, and thought with satisfaction of the approval this choice would meet with from my pious relatives at Magdeburg.'

Here Zschokke made up for lost time, and, abstracting himself from the companionship and vagaries of the *Burschen*, employed his whole time in reading. He had scarcely studied a year, when he was called on to make a funeral oration over a deceased class-fellow. This he did with so much effect, that he suddenly became the pet of the professors, and the friend and confidant of all the Frankfort sons of the muses.

Soon after, he wrote a melodrama called *Abellino*, which soon flew on the wings of the press into almost all the theatres of Germany. It procured for the beardless author, among other honours, a formal invitation from a company of merchants near Stettin, to witness, as their guest, the triumphant representation of the piece. My modesty could hardly have resisted so tempting a harvest of laurels, had not a most untimely deficit in my finances—deficits are apt to be untimely—compelled me to shun the trifling but unavoidable expenses of the journey. Zschokke expresses, a few pages further on, but little respect for the taste of a public which could so highly applaud his 'schoolboy melodrama.' And although, he adds, 'the love of fame had always appeared to me scarcely less contemptible than the love of money, literary celebrity had

never appeared so thoroughly despicable in my eyes as now, when I learnt who could obtain it, and for what.' Surely this is a rare instance of an author criticising himself and his muse so severely. But he wished, and determined, to rest his fame upon higher things.

After a visit home—where he was received with enthusiasm by the very relations who had previously driven him away by their unsympathising coldness towards him—he was, on his return to Frankfort, dubbed doctor, and became a tutor and extra-academical lecturer. His classes were always full, and his fame was much increased during the three and a half years he was thus employed, when he aspired to become a 'professor extraordinary;' but his political principles stood in his way, and the government refused him the office. Disgusted with this, his old travelling desires returned, and one morning in May 1795, he mounted the stage on his way to Switzerland.

At Zurich, Zschokke made the acquaintance of the patriot Paul Usteri, Henry Pestalozzi the celebrated and pure-minded educational reformer, and Niggeli, the inventor of the system of national singing which has been so successfully followed by Wilhelm and Mainzer. Paris was his next destination, and he entered France while the effects of the terrible Revolution were still visible. 'Is this la belle France?' I involuntarily exclaimed. Oelsner [his companion] smiled, and replied, 'La belle France means Paris; that is, the mansion, of which the whole country, from the Rhine to the Pyrenees, is but the courtyard, with the barns and out-houses;' and this is true of France to this day.

Paris had few charms for the practical philosopher, and he soon left it to see Rome, proceeding on his journey by way of Switzerland, a country with which he was already in some degree acquainted. We leave the young and ardent-minded German on this pilgrimage, and will take up the continuation of his narrative in a succeeding number.

AN UNEXPECTED VISIT TO FLINDERS' ISLAND IN BASS'S STRAITS.

It was my misfortune to be wrecked in the ship *Isabella*, of Leith, on the coast of Flinders, or Great Island, in Bass's Straits, in the month of June 1844, while on my passage from Port Phillip to England.

This ill-fated vessel was driven on a reef of sunken rocks a few miles from the island, and was in a few hours dashed to pieces. The passengers and crew were, however, all preserved, having succeeded by various methods, and at different intervals and places, in getting ashore among the neighbouring islands. I landed in the long-boat with twelve others, including three ladies and two children; but so critical was our situation when the *Isabella* struck, and so absorbing the feeling of self-preservation, that no one on board saved a single article of clothing or value belonging to them, except what they had on their persons at the moment of their leaving the ship. For three days and nights we lay in our wet clothes on the beach. On the fourth day, the gale having abated, we were able to communicate with our fellow-sufferers, and visit the adjoining islands. On Woody Isle, about four or five miles distant, we fell in with a party of sealers, who took us to their settlement, and treated us with the greatest hospitality and kindness. Their settlement was situated in a small crescent-shaped bay, about half a mile wide at the entrance, with here and there little patches of sandy beach and rocky inlets, just sufficiently large to enable the sealers to shelter their boats from stormy weather. While we were there, the bay was smooth and placid as a summer lake; on one side huge rocks of the most fantastic shapes were piled upon each other, and poised in such a manner by nature's unerring hand, as to appear as if the slightest pressure or breeze would hurl the giant pillars into the waters beneath. The sealers' huts were about five or six in number, and although of the most rude and primitive

kind, yet by no means of a comfortless description. Our guide to this romantic retreat was an old white-headed man, upwards of eighty years of age, and who had lived for more than thirty years amongst these islands. When I first saw his venerable form and pate, he reminded me of the description of old Adams, one of the mutineers of the *Bounty*, when he was discovered in Pitcairn's Island by the crew of the *Pandora*. He was as hale, active, and strong, as most Europeans of fifty, and carried, with a light step, across the rugged isle, a little girl of six years of age, one of the *Isabella's* passengers. When we came in sight of the huts, several noisy dogs seemed disposed to give us rather an unfriendly welcome; but their barking was soon reduced to a smothered growl by our octogenarian guide. In front of the huts stood with wondering gaze the wives and families of the sealers, and a more barbarous-looking group seldom meet the eyes of the distant voyager. They were literally half-savage and half-civilised; half-black and half-white. The wives or gins, three in number, were aboriginal natives of Van Diemen's Land. A life of ease and plenty had expanded them to more than double their usual bulk.

We remained for three days on Woody Isle, and received the most hospitable treatment from the sealers. When all collected, we mustered, including passengers and crew, forty individuals—no inconsiderable addition to the population of the island. We had full permission to help ourselves to a goat or pig as inclination prompted us, these animals being pretty numerous, and roaming over the island in all the delights of abundance and liberty. ² Damper, milk, and potatoes, were given us by the gins, and after our four days' fasting on Flinders' Island, we enjoyed our plentiful meals with a relish which a gourmand would have envied. The number of persons living on Woody Isle when I was there might be about fifteen or sixteen, five or six of whom were male adults, the others women and children. If contentment and plenty are amongst the greatest blessings we can possess in this world, these sealers must live a happy life. They seem to have three prominent means of earning a livelihood: 1st, Sealing, which occupies that portion of the year when these animals are most abundant and accessible—until lately, they were very plentiful about all the islands in Bass's Straits, but owing now to the number and perseverance of their assailants, their haunts are confined to the most solitary isles and rocks, and their capture is attended with both difficulty and danger. 2d, The hunting of the kangaroo, opossum, and wallaby, which are still pretty numerous about Flinders' (or rather Furneaux's) group of islands. Like the seals, the value of these animals consists of their skins, which find a ready sale in Van Diemen's Land. 3d, The catching and curing of the mutton bird, a dark-coloured, web-footed bird, about the size of a large pigeon, and which at certain seasons visits these islands in such countless numbers, as literally to darken the air in their progress. After being plucked and cleaned, they are hung up in the large chimneys of the sealers' huts, until smoked and dried, similar to a red herring in Scotland. They are very fat, and the flesh is thought, in its prepared state, to resemble mutton in taste; whence their name. I decidedly, however, give the preference to legitimate mutton. They are taken, when cured, to Launceston, and are readily disposed of there among the inhabitants. This town is visited two or three times a-year by the sealers, when they dispose of the produce of their industry, and purchase stores and necessities for themselves and families. These sealers are generally runaway convicts, or sailors, or restless and discontented individuals from the various Australian colonies.

The storm having completely abated, we made arrangements to communicate with a schooner which we learnt was anchored about fifteen miles from us, and engaged in landing sheep on a small grassy island, for the use of the settlement of the Van Diemen's Land aborigines on Flinders' Island. This vessel calls twice

a-year at the same island for the above purpose, and, fortunately for the *Isabella's* passengers and crew, was now on one of her half-yearly visits. I was deputed by my fellow-passengers to communicate with this schooner, and arrange with the captain to convey us back to Port Phillip or Van Diemen's Land. Accordingly, with a stout boat's crew, and the venerable sealer for our pilot, I proceeded to Green Island, where the vessel was said to be anchored; and after about four hours' rowing we reached the schooner, which belonged to Hobart Town. When I got on deck, the sails were unfurled, and the captain in the act of getting her under weigh for Port Phillip. My story was soon told, and the captain at once agreed to receive us all on board, and wait another day or two for that purpose. He, however, stated that an addition of forty souls to his crew was rather more than his larder was prepared for, and therefore recommended me to proceed with my boat's crew to the aboriginal settlement, about sixteen or seventeen miles farther along the coast, and there state to the superintendent the particulars of the loss of the *Isabella*, and also receive from him what additional supply of stores would be required for the schooner.

Our approach to the settlement must have been observed by some of the inhabitants, for before our boat touched the beach, three or four individuals were waiting as if ready to receive us, the most important of whom was the sergeant of the military guard, if three soldiers may be designated by such a title. He insisted on immediately taking me to the superintendent of the establishment. As yet, I observed no appearance of dwellings; and the coast, though not presenting so bleak and cheerless an aspect as the other parts of the island, appeared wild and uncivilised. After walking about a quarter of a mile, on a well-defined track through the brushwood, we came upon the settlement. It consisted of a substantial and comfortable group of buildings, partly of timber, but more generally of stone and brick. I was received by the superintendent and his wife with all the consideration and hospitality due to my unlucky situation: an abundance of stores was immediately ordered to be got ready for the schooner; and an ample supply of female apparel for the lady passengers and children of the *Isabella*, some of whom had been barefooted and bonnetless for the last two or three days.

I had now leisure to make my observations of the island. Flinders' Island is the largest of Furneaux's group of islands, stretching from north to south, and is situated at the east end of Bass's Straits, and designated in charts by the name of Great Island. It is visible in clear weather from the northern shores of Van Diemen's Land, and is from thirty-five to forty miles in length, and averages about fifteen in breadth. It is very mountainous, rather thickly wooded, and many parts of it are covered with a strong wiry grass and coarse fern. I went with a small party of the *Isabella's* passengers and crew about twelve miles in a northerly direction from where I landed, along the coast and into the interior; but beyond one or two streams of excellent spring water running through an almost impenetrable tea-tree scrub, we saw or found nothing to recommend it to particular attention. I understand, however, that two small rivers and some open grassy plains have recently been discovered; but, comparatively speaking, very little is known of this island beyond the immediate vicinity of the settlement. This says but little in favour of the scientific minds, energies, or enterprise of those gentlemen who have resided here. It has now been more than ten years inhabited.

On this island Governor Arthur, in 1834, formed an establishment for the reception of the expatriated aboriginal natives of Van Diemen's Land. It was, previous to this time, rarely visited, little known, and altogether uninhabited. At the period of my visit, June 1844, the settlement numbered eighty-five souls, fifty-seven of whom were the remaining survivors of the last of the Vandemonians. Those acquainted with the colonisation of Van Diemen's Land, are aware that for many

years previous to 1834—indeed almost from its first colonisation in 1804—the settlers in that island suffered great annoyances and loss of stock from the continued aggressions of its aboriginal inhabitants. A petty and harassing warfare was in constant existence between the natural and the self-constituted possessors of the island, which was attended on both sides by acts of great oppression and inhumanity. Government was at length compelled to interfere; and, after a protracted struggle, and the expenditure of many thousand pounds, the natives were, by a large party of volunteers and military systematically closing upon them, driven into a corner, and captured. The result was the settlement in Flinders' Island; and the conquered savages were taken from the almost boundless hills and forests of their native land, to linger on an indolent and miserable existence on a few circumscribed and cheerless acres on a desert island. The site chosen for the settlement is on the west side of the island, towards its northern extremity. Beyond being rather romantically situated in a valley formed by the surrounding high hills, it did not appear to me to possess any qualification to recommend it, and must have been hurriedly selected, without due deliberation or care. It is destitute of any running stream or spring of fresh-water, and they have consequently to carefully preserve the water in tanks. It is situated amidst a thickly-wooded but otherwise unproductive soil, and the landing-place, or rather open beach, is only available for boats, and is much exposed to the prevailing west and south-west winds. The dwellings for the natives form two sides of a square, and, with the area in front, are remarkably clean and neat. They reminded me of the little whitewashed cottages that are now occasionally to be seen in Scotland appropriated to the workmen of some well-regulated colliery or manufactory. At its formation, there were nearly two hundred blacks, but the ravages of disease and death, which were very prevalent prior to the appointment of the present superintendent, have reduced that number to fifty-seven. Since his residence in the island, there has not been a single death. I conversed with several of these remnants of a bygone race, and found them generally cheerful and communicative. They were by this time aware of the wreck of the *Isabella*, and inquired by words and gestures if any one had been drowned. When I told them there was plenty flour and sugar, plenty tobacco, and plenty rum on board, but all gone, they seemed then to comprehend, by their solemn looks to each other, that the loss must have been very great. These articles now constitute the dictionary of their wants and luxuries; the latter is of course never given to them but on particular days; and for good conduct they are allowed a small portion of tobacco. Their habits since their arrival on Flinders' Island are indolent in the extreme, and it is rare indeed that any of them can be induced to work. One or two may be occasionally prevailed upon, by flattery or extra indulgence, to weed the garden or some vegetable plot, but such an employment of their time is by no means of frequent occurrence. Although under very little control, they almost never roam beyond the boundaries of their circumscribed settlement: all idea of liberation or escape seems to be entirely dormant in their dispositions; and they are generally to be seen lying in groups on the ground before their cottages, or basking on some green and sunned spot within a few yards of the establishment. The furniture of their huts is of the most limited description, and may be said to consist of a fixed bed-place, with a blanket and coverlet, a bench and table, and one or two of the simplest utensils for cooking and containing their food. It is seldom, however, that any of these articles are used; the bed-place almost never, for they prefer sleeping on the floor or in the open air. Their provisions are generally consumed immediately on their being served out. At one time their allowance of bread and sugar, &c. was distributed to them only twice a-week, but it was so frequently all consumed within a few hours after they

received it, that a daily delivery had to be resorted to. This takes place in the morning, when the storekeeper carefully weighs out every ration; and it is amusing to hear him crying out such names as Hannibal, Pompey, Bonaparte, Cleopatra, Venus, Desdemona, &c. when the sable representatives of these *great folks* come running forward with their little wooden platters, and receive their allowance for the day. They are all decently clothed, the women in blue serge gowns, and the men in coarse gray jackets and trousers. Strange to say, although the proportion of the sexes is about equal, and many of them young and robust, and united in matrimony, not a single birth has taken place among these exiled aborigines for several years. There were only two children when I was there, the youngest four years old. From these facts, and their gradually decreasing numbers, a few years must witness the extinction of this last of their race—a race who but lately roamed in freedom and joy, the lordly savages of the hills and dales of Van Diemen's Land.

Although comfort and contentment appeared to reign throughout this obscure and isolated settlement, and the poor exiles were respectably clothed and healthy-looking, yet there seemed to be an air of melancholy depression hanging around everything I saw.

After receiving much attention and kindness from the superintendent and his lady, and visiting everything worthy of inspection, I departed to return to the schooner. I was, on the whole, more interested than pleased with the condition of these unfortunate aborigines; if there was much to admire in the treatment they received, there was also much to pity, and something to condemn. It must be confessed that cruel necessity required that these rude and ignorant savages should be placed under some control; but their lot is now so degraded and humiliating, so totally opposed to, and destructive of, all their natural feelings and habits, that I am sure no reflecting mind that considers their past and present state, but must admit that the oppressor's yoke has fallen heavily upon them, and that they are a doomed and unhappy race, and fated soon to be numbered with those tribes who have lived and passed away.

On arriving on board the vessel destined to take us back, I found all the *Isabella's* passengers and crew assembled on the deck. The anchor was immediately weighed, and on the third day afterwards we entered Port Phillip bay. On the fourteenth day after my departure for England, I again landed in Melbourne, and surprised my many kind friends there by my unexpected return amongst them.

J. B.

CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

NO. III.

THE number of portraits of King Charles I. by Vandyke is very great, and the sternest republican must admit that, in a pictorial point of view, the artist could not have had a finer subject. Though eminently handsome, the king's destiny seemed written on his forehead: his face was a 'title-leaf' that clearly foretold the nature of the 'tragic volume' which Time was to open. So palpable was this, even in Charles's lifetime, that when Bernini the sculptor received the picture now hanging in one of the apartments at Windsor, in which two profiles and the full face of the monarch are represented, for the purpose of making a bust, he was so impressed with the mournful countenance, that he prophesied the unhappy end of the original. These portraits are now the ornaments of all the great galleries in Europe. There is a full-length in armour at St Petersburg, that was formerly in Sir Robert Walpole's collection at Houghton, and had previously belonged to the notorious Lord Wharton, whom Swift lashed under the name of Verres. By mistake, both gauntlets are drawn for the right hand. When this picture was in Lord Wharton's possession, old Jacob Tonson, the bibliopole, who had remarkably ill-made legs, found fault with it on this account. Lady Wharton with witty rudeness replied, that one man might have two right hands as well as another two left legs. 'The amiable

Mr Tonson,' as Dr Johnson styles him, used to speak of the authors whose books he published as 'eminent hands,' a phrase that tickled Lord Byron exceedingly. Pope mentions him in his 'Farewell to London;' and he is the subject of a triplet that dropped from the pen of Dryden in a moment of irritation, where he is not so favourably alluded to. Tonson declined to give the poet what the latter required for his translation of Virgil; Dryden scribbled the following lines on a slip of paper, which he sent the publisher, with an insinuation that he who wrote them could write more. The threat had the desired effect, and the money was paid.

With leering look, bull-faced, and freckled fair,
With two left legs, and Judas-coloured hair,
And frowny pores that taint the ambient air—

Edward Fairfax, the translator of Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*, was the brother of the celebrated parliamentary general, Thomas Lord Fairfax. A new edition of this translation has recently been printed, and although unfaithful in many passages, where Fairfax has taken the unjustifiable liberty of expanding the original, under the pretence of improving, it is the best version of the Italian epic we have. The versification is rich and melodious; King James read it with admiration; and it soothed the prison hours of his unfortunate son. Waller acknowledged that the smoothness of his own verse was copied from Fairfax, whilst Dryden ranks him along with Spenser. Fairfax was so powerfully influenced by the superstitions of his age, that he prosecuted some old women for the crime of witchcraft, believing that his own children had fallen under their malign spells. They were acquitted, however, little to the satisfaction of the prosecutor, since he left behind him a manuscript, never yet printed, entitled 'Dæmonologia: a discourse touching witchcraft, as it was acted in the family of Mr Edward Fairfax of Fyfield, in the county of York, in the year 1621.' He also wrote some eclogues, which his son declared were so learned, that no one but himself could explain the allusions in them. They have not been printed; and indeed that would be a useless proceeding, unless we had the interpretation, which he alone could furnish. This reminds us of a passage in Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, where, after mentioning three Roman emperors in periphrastic terms, he places their names in a note for the edification of the reader. A French nobleman, whose handwriting had not the gift of legibility to a remarkable extent, in writing to another man of rank, forwarded also a copy of his letter, and explained the reason thus—'Out of respect, my lord, I have written to you with my own hand, but to facilitate your perusal, I send a transcript of my letter.'

It was counted unlucky, and with superstitious people the notion still survives, to give to another anything with a point or an edge. Milton, in his 'Astrologaster,' observes that 'it is naught for any man to give a pair of knives to his sweetheart, for fear that it cuts away all love between them.' Thus Gay, in one of his pastorals—

But wo is me! such presents luckless prove,
For knives, they tell me, always sever love.

There are some pleasing verses addressed by Samuel Taylor, master of Merchant Tailors' school, to his wife, on presenting her with a knife fourteen years after their marriage, which begins thus—

A knife, my dear, cuts love, they say;
More modish love perhaps it may.

Grose also says that it is of unfortunate omen to give a knife, scissors, razor, or any sharp or cutting instrument to one's mistress or friend, as they are apt to cut love and friendship. To avoid the ill effects of this, it was necessary to give in return a pin, a farthing, or some trifling recompense. Lord Byron gave Lady Blessington a gold pin which he usually wore in his breast for a keepsake, and we afterwards find him requesting her ladyship by letter to return it, and he would present her with a chain instead, 'as memorials with a point are of less fortunate augury.'

When Voltaire visited Congreve, the Frenchman, whose ambition was supremacy, and whose laurels had been won in the field of literature, was surprised and shocked to find the play-writer turn a deaf ear to praise of his works. He looked on them as trifles beneath his notice, and desired to be visited as a gentleman living in easy retirement. This was not only contemptible affectation, but sheer ingratitude towards the means by which he had raised himself. Voltaire sarcastically remarked, 'Had you been so unfortunate as to

be only a gentleman, I should not have visited you at all.' Gibbon seems to have had a similar weakness, but it was early in life. He records in his journal that the Duc de Nivernois treated him more as a man of letters than as a man of fashion.

Turning over some manuscripts at the British Museum, we met with a letter, of which we give some extracts. It is dated December 1, 1589, and an endorsement states that the nameless unfortunate was Sir George Peckham. The letter is addressed to Cecil, Lord Burghley. Looking at the request contained in the postscript, it seems strange that the lines should not only still exist, but be now perpetuated by printing—lines, to quote the words of Shakespeare,

Picked from the worm-holes of long-vanished days,
And from the dust of old oblivion raked.

'I have so worn myself out of apparel, as I have no more to my back than I do wear every day, which are more like unto the rags of some rogue than the garments of a gentleman; and my poor wife is likewise such-like unto myself. Nevertheless, for anything that I do know as yet, they are like to be our Christmas apparel. And further, unless I can make some shift for to pay for my half-year's board at Candlemas, the simple bedding, and such other trifles as I have, shall be distrained and taken away; then may my wife and I both go seek the wide world with a bag and a wallet. And therefore I do not make any moan before such time, as I am driven by extreme necessity.' The writer then states that he had expected, but was unable to obtain, assistance from Lord Southampton, 'for I am the nearest kinsman, both by father and mother, that his lordship hath in England, the only issue of my lord, his grandfather's body excepted, and his lordship beareth my poor goose in his escutcheon.' * * * Thus referring myself and my present miserable estate unto your lordship's accustomed goodness towards me with these few Latin words, *Bis dat qui tempestive donat* [He who gives in good time gives twice], I do humbly take my leave—

Your Lordship's poorest Orator, and so bounden.

I do most humbly beseech your lordship to burn this letter so soon as you have perused the same, for I am very loath that any other person beside your lordship should see the same, craving pardon for not subscribing my name.' Was this humble petition complied with?

The audacious manner in which Milton's *Paradise Lost* was treated by Dr Bentley is pretty generally known from a paper in D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature*. Giving the reins to his critical sagacity, he conjectured that the blind poet's amanuensis had not only ignorantly blundered as to words dictated by Milton, but had wilfully interpolated lines of his own. Proceeding upon this gratuitous assumption, Bentley did not hesitate to alter the poem to suit his own ideas. His emendations of Horace are not founded on such an absurd notion as this, and there was more reason to believe the text corrupt. But even there it has been said that many of his alterations go to crop the most delicate flowers of Horatian fancy, and shear away the love-locks on which the world has doted. Pope, whose friends opposed Bentley in the memorable controversy as to the epistles of Phalaris, frequently lets fly the arrows of his wit against the presumptuous critic. For instance, in the *Dunciad*,

The mighty scholiast, whose unwearied pains
Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's strains.

Observe what different ideas the same fact will excite in different minds. Every one knows the lines of Burns, in which he says pleasure is

—like the snowfall in the river,
A moment white, then melts for ever.

William Cartwright (born 1611, died 1648), in a poem entitled *Love's Darts*, asks and answers the question—

Where is the learned wretch that knows
What are those darts the veiled god throws?
Fond that I am to ask! Who'er
Did yet see thought? or silence hear?
Safe from the search of human eye
These arrows (as their ways are) fly.

The flight of angels part
Hot air with so much art,
And snows in streams, we may
Say, louder fall than they.

How different is the application of the same incident by

the two poets. In one it is used to point a moral, in the other to adorn a tale.

If the honour of authorship be denied Charles I., there is good reason to believe that he once at least dipped his pen in a critic's inkstand; and as the circumstance showed a favourable trait in his character, it is worth repeating. A play of Massenger, called the King and the Subject, was submitted to his majesty before it went to the licenser. Sir Henry Herbert, who then held that office, records this anecdote:—"At Greenwich this 4th day of June (1633), Mr W. Murray gave me power from the king to allow of the King and the Subject, and to tell mee he would warrant it.

"Montes! We'll raise supplies what way we please,
And force you to subscribe to blanks, in which
We'll mulct you as we think fit. The Cæsars
In Rome were wise, acknowledging no laws
But what their swords did ratify," &c.

'This is a piece taken out of Philip Massenger's play, and entered here for ever to be remembered by my son, and those that cast their eyes on it, in honour of King Charles my master, who, reading over the play at Newmarket, set his mark upon the place with his own hand, and in these words, "This is too insolent, and to be changed." Note that the poet makes it the speech of a king—Don Pedro of Spayne—and spoken to his subjects.' The play is now lost.

It seems that *ewens* or *quen* (the original of our *queen*) was used as a term of equality, applied indifferently to either sex. In the Norman chronicle, the historian speaks of the duke and his *quens*, meaning peers. A collection of verses written by Charles of Anjou and his courtiers is mentioned in a book of the thirteenth century as the songs of the *quens* of Anjou. A poem of the twelfth century, in detailing the war-cries of the French provinces, says,

And the *quens* of Thibaut
'Champagne and passavant' cry.

One of the victims of the sanguinary Robespierre was Roucher the poet. The day previous to his death he sat for his portrait, which he sent to his family with the following beautiful lines in French:—

Loved objects! cease to wonder when you trace
The melancholy air that clouds my face;
Ah! while the painter's skill this image drew,
They reared the scaffold, and I thought of you.

John Heywood, the playwright and epigrammatist, was patronised by Henry VIII. and Elizabeth. What the Fairy Queen, says Warton, could not procure for Spenser from the pensive Elizabeth and her precise ministers, Heywood gained by puns and conceits. The object of one of his books, as disclosed by the title-page, is singular:—*A Dialogue, containing in effect the number of all the Proverbs in the English tongue compact in a matter concerning two marriages.* When the Marquis of Winchester, lord high treasurer, was presented with a copy of this book by the author, he inquired what it contained, and being answered, By my faith, said Heywood, that is not in. It happened that the Marquis casually uttered the only proverb not in the book. Camden mentions an interview of Heywood with Queen Mary, at which her majesty inquired what wind blew him to court. He answered 'Two, specially: the one to see your majesty.' 'We thank you for that,' said the queen; 'but I pray you what is the other?' 'That your grace,' said he, 'might see me.' The curious work on proverbs is in rhyme, and contains many sayings that are now forgotten, as well as allusions to superstitions still remaining. Thus he says—

I suppose that day her ears might well glow,
For all the town talked of her, high and low.

This alludes to the notion still common in many places, that a man's ears burn when others are talking of him. 'What fire is in my ears!' exclaims Beatrice in *Much Ado about Nothing*. And Sir Thomas Browne, in his *Vulgar Errors*, says, 'When our cheek burns, or ear tingles, we usually say somebody is talking of us—a conceit of great antiquity, and ranked among superstitious opinions by Pliny. He supposes it to have proceeded from the notion of a signifying genius, or universal Mercury, that conducted sounds to their distant subjects, and taught to hear by touch.'

WASTING POWER OF RIVERS.

The rivers which flow in the valleys of the Cordilleras ought rather to be called mountain torrents. Their inclination is very great, and their water the colour of mud. The roar which the Maypu made as it rushed over the great rounded fragments, was like that of the sea. Amidst the din of rushing waters, the noise from the stones as they rattled one over another was most distinctly audible even from a distance. This rattling noise, night and day, may be heard along the whole course of the torrent. The sound spoke eloquently to the geologist: the thousands and thousands of stones which, striking against each other, made the one dull uniform sound, were all hurrying in one direction. It was like thinking on time, where the minute that now glides past is irrecoverable. So was it with these stones: the ocean is their eternity; and each note of that wild music told of one more step towards their destiny. It is not possible for the mind to comprehend, except by a slow process, any effect which is produced by a cause which is repeated so often, that the multiplier itself conveys an idea not more definite than the savage implies when he points to the hairs of his head. As often as I have seen beds of mud, sand, and shingle accumulated to the thickness of many thousand feet, I have felt inclined to exclaim that causes, such as the present rivers and the present beaches, could never have ground down and produced such an effect. But, on the other hand, when listening to the rattling noise of these torrents, and calling to mind that whole races of animals have passed away from the face of the earth, and that during this whole period, night and day, these stones have gone rattling onwards in their course, I have thought to myself, can any mountains, any continent, withstand such waste?—*Darwin's Journal.*

STRENGTH OF THE HUMAN FRAME.

One of the most remarkable and inexplicable experiments relative to the strength of the human frame is, that in which a heavy man is raised with the greatest facility when he is lifted up the instant that his own lungs and those of the persons who raise him are inflated with air. The heaviest person in the party lies down upon two chairs, his legs being supported by the one and his back by the other. Four persons, one at each leg and one at each shoulder, then try to raise him, and find his dead weight to be very great, from the difficulty they experience in supporting him. When he is replaced in the chair, each of the four persons takes hold of his body as before, and the person to be lifted gives two signals by clapping his hands. At the first signal, he himself and his four lifters begin to draw a long full breath, and when the inhalation is completed, or the lungs filled, the second signal is given for raising the person from the chair. To his own surprise and that of his bearers, he rises with the greatest facility, as if he were no heavier than a feather. Sometimes, when one of the bearers performs his part ill, by making the inhaling out of time, the part of the body which he tries to raise is left behind. The experiment was performed at Venice by sustaining the heaviest man of the party on the points of the forefingers of six persons. It is asserted that the experiment will not succeed if the person to be lifted is placed upon a board, and the strength of the individuals applied to the board.—*Abridged from Sir D. Brewster's Natural Magic.*

PALM SUGAR.

This sugar—a considerable quantity of which has been recently imported—belongs to the class of white or refined sugars. It is yellowish-white, and has the texture and flavour of refined cane sugar. Subjoined is a notice of its origin and manufacture, furnished by the surgeon of the importing vessel to Dr Pereira, by whom specimens were laid before a late meeting of the London Pharmaceutical Society. Palm sugar is manufactured principally at Cuddalore, on the Coromandel coast, by some French merchants of Pondicherry. It is obtained by refining the *jagery* or crude sugar used by the poorer classes in India. *Jagery* is darker coloured than the coarsest Muscovado; is granular or moist; and is packed in mats or bags made of palm leaves. It is chiefly brought from the island of Ceylon by native vessels, and is made by thickening the juice of various kinds of palm—principally the *Palmira* palm, the cocoa palm, the lesser fan palm, and the wild date palm. The juice is collected during the night, by making incisions in the upper part of the stems of the trees, and afterwards

boiling it down before fermentation takes place. The thick syrup thus obtained is mixed with sand and stone to the amount of ten or fifteen per cent., to make it more solid, portable, and heavier. This jagary is refined by dissolving it in water over a fire, at the same time mixing chunam (lime from sea shells) with it to check fermentation; after this it is strained through a filter of animal charcoal, again boiled, and strained through cotton bags. For the purpose of clarifying, eggs and chunam are used. When the syrup is of a proper consistence, it is put into wooden or earthen coolers, and the molasses allowed to drain off. To whiten it as much as possible, rum, or sometimes a fine syrup, is poured over the sugar whilst in the coolers; it is then exposed to the sun to dry, and lastly packed in bags for exportation. It is never mixed with cane sugar. The sugar thus produced, the writer thinks, will eventually supersede that obtained from the cane. It can be manufactured at a less cost, and the palms affording it grow in abundance in all parts of the tropics, in a dry sandy soil, which could yield nothing else of value. They require very little cultivation, merely enough to keep the luxuriant vegetation from springing up into a jungle around them, and to remove the numerous parasitical plants from their stems. Of course the sugar will improve in quality when more experience has been gained in the way of manufacturing it. The quantity produced last year was upwards of six thousand tons.

THE MANAGEMENT OF THE FINGER-NAILS.

According to European fashion, they should be of an oval figure, transparent, without specks or ridges of any kind; the semilunar fold, or white half-circle, should be fully developed, and the pellicle, or cuticle which forms the configuration around the root of the nail, thin and well-defined, and, when properly arranged, should represent as nearly as possible the shape of a half-filbert. The proper arrangement of the nails is to cut them of an oval shape, corresponding with the form of the fingers; they should not be allowed to grow too long, as it is difficult to keep them clean; nor too short, as it allows the ends of the fingers to become flattened and enlarged, by being pressed upwards against the nails, and gives them a clumsy appearance. The epidermis which forms the semicircle around, and adheres to the nail, requires particular attention, as it is frequently dragged on with its growth, drawing the skin below the nail so tense as to cause it to crack and separate into what are called agnails. This is easily remedied by carefully separating the skin from the nail by a blunt, half-round instrument. Many persons are in the habit of continually cutting this pellicle, in consequence of which it becomes exceedingly irregular, and often injurious to the growth of the nail. They also frequently pick under the nails with a pin, penknife, or the point of sharp scissors, with the intention of keeping them clean, by doing which they often loosen them, and occasion considerable injury. The nails should be cleansed with a brush not too hard, and the semicircular skin should not be cut away, but only loosened, without touching the quick, the fingers being afterwards dipped in tepid water, and the skin pushed back with a towel. This method, which should be practised daily, will keep the nails of a proper shape, prevent agnails, and the pellicle from thickening or becoming rugged. When the nails are naturally rugged, or ill-formed, the longitudinal ridges or fibres should be scraped and rubbed with lemon, afterwards rinsed in water, and well dried with the towel; but if the nails are very thin, no benefit will be derived by scraping; on the contrary, it might cause them to split. If the nails grow more to one side than the other, they should be cut in such a manner as to make the point come as near as possible in the centre of the end of the finger. —*Durlacher.*

JUVENILE SAGACITY.

He who is wise enough in youth to take the advice of his seniors, unites the vivacity and enterprise of early, with the wisdom and gravity of latter life; and what can you lose by at least asking their opinion, who can have no abstract pleasure in misleading you; and who can, if they please, furnish you with a chart of that ocean, to many unexplored, but over which they have passed, while thousands have perished there for want of that wisdom they are willing to communicate to you? The ancients fabled part of this lesson in the history of Phaëton, who vainly attempted to guide the chariot of Apollo. The world is too much for

juvenile sagacity, and he must have become gray-headed who is wise enough to walk in and out amidst the machinery of nature and the subtleties of human life, without being either crushed by the one or duped by the other. —*Andrews.*

THE GARDEN IN THE CHURCHYARD.

Would you know where is my garden?—Where the church-tower gray and lone

Casts a shade o'er nameless hillock and white monumental stone—
Where the yet fresh mould is lying over one, young, good, and fair,
Bring I flowers of waning summer, and I make my garden there.
Not to mourn above the sleeper, for in life I knew her not—
Yet a strange and mingled feeling makes this grave a hallowed spot.

There I bring my worldly sorrows—in that stillness does it seem,
That the burthen of them falleth from my spirit like a dream.
And my vain heart's restless beating, with its earthly hope and fear,
Ceases, hushed by the remembrance of the heart that moulders here.

Blue and quiet shines the heaven where is now the spirit's rest;
Here is laid the cast-off garment that encumbered and opprest.

In this place all worldly feelings slumber, but the mental eye
Strives to pierce the veil that hideth from us immortality;
While the soul its pinions trieth, and, sustained by earnest faith,
Soars unto the land of glory, whose dark entrance-gate is Death.
There the spirit's ardent longings for the beautiful and good,
That on earth ne'er meet fulfilment, are enjoyed in plenitude;
There the world-wide love that worketh good for ill to all around,
Is unchecked by cold repulses, and its fulness knows no bound;
There are gained those aspirations which at times upon us gleam,
'Till that inner life seems real, and our outward life a dream.

So I mused beside my garden—thoughts not mournful, and not dull;

On each unknown grave beside me stands an angel beautiful,
Pointing up from earth to heaven. As we journey to our home,
It is good to have such glimpses—shadows of the life to come.

D. M. M.

BEAUTY.

There is something in beauty, whether it dwells in the human face, in the pencilled leaves of flowers, the sparkling surface of a fountain, or that aspect which genius breathes over its statue, that makes us mourn its ruin. I should not envy that man his feelings who could see a leaf wither or a flower fall without some sentiment of regret. This tender interest in the beauty and frailty of things around us, is only a slight tribute of becoming grief and affection; for nature in our adversities never deserts us. She even comes more nearly to us in our sorrows, and leading us away from the paths of disappointment and pain into her soothing recesses, allays the anguish of our bleeding hearts, binds up the wounds that have been inflicted, whispers the meek pledges of a better hope, and, in harmony with a spirit of still holier birth, points to that home where decay and death can never come.—*Constantinople.*

SELF-GOVERNMENT.

Let not any one say he cannot govern his passions, nor hinder them from breaking out and carrying him into action; for what he can do before a prince or a great man, he can do alone, or in the presence of God if he will.—*Locke.*

DIFFICULTIES.

Whatever difficulties you have to encounter, be not perplexed, but think only what is right to do in the sight of Him who seeth all things, and bear without repining the result.—*The Original.*

NOTHING LOST.

It is well said that nothing is lost. The drop of water which is split, the fragment of paper which is burnt, the plant that rots on the ground, all that perishes and is forgotten, equally seeks the atmosphere, and all is there preserved, and thence daily returned for use.—*Macculloch.*

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